

THE CLAYTON NEWS

OFFICIAL PAPER OF UNION COUNTY

SUTHERS & DURAN, PROPRIETORS
Chas. P. Suthers, Editor

ONE DOLLAR PER YEAR

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It's Funny

It's funny. Our highly educated and greatly cultured newspaper friend (?) has broke loose again, and has invented a new cognomen for the editor and chief screw of this "official air-gun." That's what makes it funny—that a self-confessed lexicon of intelligence, and modern Solomon, can imagine for a moment that a monkeyish ability at imitation and a babyish infatuation for the other fellow's goat will buy anything. It's a joke. Our friend should make a try at facts—he's a failure at mind-reading and imagery. To be perfectly frank we are tired of having a fanciful failure attempting to interpret our thoughts and intentions. That's funny, and sickening, and disgusting. According to the latest cognomen used by the old gentleman for our identification, he must have seen us at some time when he wasn't supposed to. Isn't that wonderful? It should hold us until "Kingdom Come." The "old skate," (apologies to Spring, Tanner, Valverde, Owen, Snyder, Casados, Duran, Henderson, Edmondson, Miera, Pennington, Garcia, de Baca, Smith, Isaacs Herzstein, and many others, including "High P.") seems demonlike possessed of the idea that "High," or "High P." or "P. High," (the latest) is the cause of all his real and imaginary troubles and numerous "firings." Honestly, Mr. G. W., we had nothing whatever to do with your being "fired" from the assessor's office, nor your other separations from official position, nor the unanimous vote that relieved you of the strenuous duty of directing the musical education of the Clayton Band, nor for the action of the school board that separated you from your last fil, nor for the cheap desire that wedded you to the "jimmy" and the First National Bank of Trinidad. We, under whatever name you may designate us by, or whatever new name you may invent by which to identify us, are absolutely guiltless. You have been one of the least of our troubles, and these statements are made for the purpose of putting you wise to the fact that you are a nonentity in our daily equation.

We have great respect for decent competition. We have no respect for the brand you offer in either business or politics, or honor, especially honor. Even at that we regard you, Mr. Guyer, as a man deserving a meed of respect and entitled to a meed of consideration; but we have no respect for your methods and care less for your activities. We hope that we have made ourself plain and that our position will not be misunderstood. You know that we are afraid of you—your devil told us so.

An Example of Culture and Refinement, and Brains, From the Dark Ages

(By Geo. W. Guyer in the Clayton Citizen.)

(A verbatim copy.)

"P. High says in his 'official air-gun' last week, respecting the charges filed against Sheriff Mansker, 'We are in the dark but if we were the accused we would hate to go before the court and the people of this county seeking vindication through the medium of a discredited 'jimmy.' Yes, yes, P. High is always in the 'dark' of his own creation because he loves that 'darkness' rather than any light that might open up a brighter vision of righteousness to a 'jimmy' manufacturer, but he should not forget that while he may be in the 'dark' other people are strictly in the up-to-date 'light' and know his position in this matter better than he pretends to know. 'One' hath told us about two thousand years ago why men love 'darkness' rather than light. Look it up."

There are People

"There are people in the state,"

says the "Pioneer News," of House, N. M., "who are not willing to believe that an important public record could disappear for thirty or forty days, re-appear, and then undergo at least one shuffling, then be deposited with an official in no way charged with its custody, all those coming in contact with it being politicians of the old New Mexico school, and still come through a true and faithful record of what happened in that senate, with every opportunity to make a change daily offered to those interested in having it changed. If no changes were to be worked through after it had been presented to the secretary of state for filing and refused, why did those interested allow no one any rest until the stenographic notes had been removed from the custody of the secretary of state? It can be said with certainty that those stenographic notes supported the contention of the lieutenant governor, that the journal had been falsified."

Those Songs of Yesterday

We ain't so awful up-to-date. Ner don't pretend to be; I guess, however, we can wait. An' bide a little wee, Our square planner's jes' as good As on our wedding day; No pianoller ever could Such golden music play. New-fangled songs may be more smart, An' may be all the rage But somehow they don't reach the heart Like those of yester-age. "Kathleen Mavourneen," "Bonnie Doon," An' "Goin' Thro' the Rye," An' "Silver Threads," old-fashioned tune, But one that cannot die. Popular music? I'll admit We're jest a little slow; We wouldn't know the latest hit From Mr. Ziegfeld's show; But "Annie Rooney," "Sweet Marie," "Comrades," "After the Ball," Retain the same charm as when we First heard and loved them all.

Old Selfish

Old Man Selfish dropped into The News office the other day to ask us to extend his subscription bill for sixty days. The following conversation ensued:

Editor: What are you doing in town today, Mr. Selfish?

O. S.: Come in to buy some stuff for the old lady, but after I got some tobacco and played a few games of pool with the boys and ordered a box of mail-order cigars, I didn't have no money left. Winmin' folks is always wantin' something foolish anyway.

Ed: How was your crop?

O. S.: Fine! Biggest I ever had. The Missus wanted me to buy some newfangled things for the kitchen with some of the money—said they would save her a good many steps but there's a piece of land I guess I'll buy instead.

Ed: Thought you had all the land you wanted?

O. S.: Well, I don't need this parcel, specially, but I reckon the old lady can get along well enough for another year or two.

Ed: I suppose you're going to the country fair?

O. S.: You bet. Wouldn't miss it. My wife's exhibiting some fruits and needle work, and she wanted to go down and see the prizes awarded, but I told her she had better stay at home with the kids this year.

Did you get that new waterworks plant installed in your house this year?

O. S.: No. That was another of my wife's ideas. I reckon we don't

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SHOP BY THE CLAYTON NEWS

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actually need it. The Missus is pretty strong, and she's plenty able to tote water for a few more years.

Ed: Going home tonight?

O. S.: Nope. Goin' to stay and see the picture show. I want to look at Jeb Bean's team too, think I'll buy it, and a new gun. The wife wants me to get her some stuff for a new Sunday hat, but the one she's been wearing looks all right to me, so I guess she'll have to wait till next year. Well, so long. See you later. It does beat everything how extravagant women are these days, don't it?

Yes, we are in the dark as regards the guilt or innocence of our accused sheriff, and also in the dark as regards the "jimmy's" connection therewith. We don't want to believe them guilty—we are not made that way. But our light on some subjects is thoroughly inane, and we are perfectly willing to let the light shine. Is the switch on?

We have never tried our hand at the coining of ridiculous, babyish, foolish and parrotlike cognomens for a competitor. It is our belief that such stuff is an evidence of weakness and dotage, therefore our refusal to indulge.

How about the county's "gyarden of Eden?" Looks pretty nice, doesn't it?

Frank Holt was the result of a disordered intellect. His acts were those of an anarchist. He also had an abnormal ability for the creation of names.

The Electric Boot and Shoe Shop has moved to the building at the rear of the First National Bank.

New Overland automobile top for sale—\$30.00. Inquire
4-4 H. Herzstein Co.